W. Herbert

¶ Complaynt of the soule.

See Wh. p. 143, 4. 1780.

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SALE DUPLICATE
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Wh. 209. MS

Here begynneth a lamentable complaynt that ỹ soule maketh of the wretched lyfe of the body.

Dedet aiaz meã vite mee. ¶ My soule is wery of the lyfe. For there I see no thynge but mater of sorowe mysery & synne. The parte of my lyfe passed is ful lamentable whan I remembre it/the present parte suppressed myn herte with heuynesse for it is vnreformed. And the grete losse of vertue in these two partes & abhomynacyon of synne putteth me in grete fere of the thyrde parte ỹ whiche is to come. And yf my lyfe myght be prolonged many yeres only in vertuous vses/yet it myght not recompense for the manyfolde offences whiche I haue doone in the presence syghte of my lorde god and terryble Juge of my lyfe/whiche hateth no thynge but only synne. Alas than my soule may be full of sorowe whiche hath prouoked my lorde god/my moste tender louer to be wroth with me and to hate me more than I doo a dog or a stynkynge carayne/for no thynge is so vyle so lothsome soo stynkynge nor so abhomynable in the syght or smellynge of man/as synne in the syght or smellynge of god. Alas alas that I sholde offende my lorde god whiche hath made me of nought and where he myght haue made me a stone or an vnresonable beest/he hath made me to the ymage of hym selfe a resonable creature/and whan I was lost redemed me with ỹ precyous blood of his herte and suffred the moost bytterst deth for me/and in all my lyfe he hath shewed grete kyndnesse vnto me/and I haue shewed grete vnkyndnesse ayen too hym/he loued me & I not hym/for I wyll not do after the wyll of hym/but I sette my wyll afore his wyll/and ỹ plesyre

of my selfe afore the plesyre of hym / and in fulfyllynge my wyll I care not to displese hym. And thus I see not by hym whiche hath made so moche of me he hath made heuen and erthe for me / and hath comen to this erth to teche me ꝑ waye of saluacyon / and hath ordeyned for me yf I wolde loue hym the inystymable Joye of his deuynyte and too receyue the eternall kyngedome of felycyte ¶ All these thynges I forgete / & I ordre myselfe by my lewde negligence and vnhappy lyuynge to lese the loue of my lorde god / & ꝑ transcendynge Joye of his kyngedome. I ordre me by my wretched lyfe too euerlastynge payne / woo naye I be a vessell of deth of Ire and Indygnacyon of god / he hath made my soule by the sacrament of baptyme a vessell of mercy and grace / and I haue defouled it with abhomynable synne / & made it without his Inmesurable mercy vessell of dampnacyon too be brente in the fyre of helle amonge the horryble fendes euer without endynge. ¶ Alas what shall I doo what shall I saye whiche haue erred thus ferre out of ꝑ way of vertue and is casted depe in too the pytte of synne. A grete cause I haue of lamentacyon whiche am in this grete Jeoperdye of endlesse dampnacyon. I am a waster and a dystroyer of my soule and body. I destroye the goodes of nature / of grace / & of the worlde as a man ꝑ is worse than good in the syght of hym the whiche hath gyuen them too me to the entent that I sholde vse them vertuously. And in ꝑ syghte of hym whiche shall moost bytterly punysshehym. I vse them vycyously I am closed in ꝑ derke cloudes of Ignorraunce / and reprouable negligence of my lorde god / of my self and of vertuous lyuynge. All my lyfe is synfull / and as a drye tree barayne and ferre from all fruyte of vertue I thynke not only

dredfull Jugement of god / where J shall stonde afore
the terrible Jugement of cryste / and to rendre accomp-
te for all the dedes that J haue done in my soule and in
my body. O there J shall shewe an vnfruytful lyke / and
yf there be ony fruyte therin it is but fayned and false
or vnperfyte or corrupted and other it is full lytell plea-
sed or elles vtterly displeased god. And notwithstond-
ge that euery man there shall be fedde after this lyke vn
suche fruyte as that he hath brought forthun this lyke /
than my fedynge is lyke to be full bytter vnto me. ¶ O
how sorowful J ought than to be / for except ỹ J sorowe
for my synne in this lyke. J am lyke for to be brought to
grete sorowe after this lyke. ¶ O my synful soule. O my
myserable soule loke vpon thy selfe / see how thou arte
brought in to the grete derkenelle of synne so depe that
thou canste not see thy selfe. Seest thou not how ỹ ren-
nestinn to vayne thoughtes & vnlefull desyres. ¶ Remẽ-
bre that al the tyme ỹ thou lokest not vpon vertue is lost
and thou shalte be shent therfore / a moche tyme ỹ leselt
than whiche myght tourne the to grete Joye in tyme co-
mynge / and now all shall tourne the to grete punysshe-
ment except thou lerne to amende and to spende the re-
sydue of thy tyme. O how aferde thou sholdest be to ha-
ue an vnfruytfull lyke / for the vnfruytfull lyke is a damp
nable lyke as almyghty goo whiche is very trouth sayth
Euery tree whiche bryngeth not forth good fruyte it shall
be cutte doune & caste in the fyre. ¶ A mercy god what
shall J do than for J am so barayne so dryc from all de
uocyon and moysture of contrycyon and grace that J
am deapte and redye to the fyre. ¶ A mercyfull lorde
caste me not doune by deth to suche tyme that my tree
haue moysture: thrugh thy grace & brynge forthe

some profytable fruytes of penaūce / all my dedes that I do are not suffycyent to recompense for the mete and drynke ꝑ I receyue of ꝑ to my bodely sustenaunce. ¶ Where with shall I than recompence for my soule / my body / my / wytte / my herynge / my / seynge / my speche / my helth / my bodely power / my lyfe / and where wᵗ all shall I recompense for my synne / & for ꝑ losse of grace whiche palleth these all / for none shall be brought to dampnacyon but suche as for lacke of grace are defouled wᵗ synne who so spendeth more in fedynge of a beest thā it is wor the in them selfe is not that superfluous expence and vnprouffytable. And yet mercyfull lorde ꝑ nourysheste dayly and habondantly an vnprouffytable worme and stynkynge synner. ¶ A good lorde thou woldest not ꝑ this wretche shall perysshe of whome thou dooste so large expences and soo tenderly kepeste it. My any good thou gyueste it vnsked / & frome many euyll thynges he preserued it vnthanked of it / thou kepeste me / ꝑ ledeste me / and protecteste me frome many perylles / and as an vnkynde wretche I remembre not this & I do not calle in welth to the but in grete sorowe & fere whan than that I am lyke tod falle. ¶ A good lorde a more or a greter wretche is there none in this worlde than I am / and a mooste vnkynde kaytyf / a wretche / a worme / a vessell ful of vncleennesse and abhomynacyon not worthy for to be called a man or a resonable creature. For I abuse that reason / that memorye / and that fredome of wyll whiche thou haste gyuen vnto me with all the gyftes and all the benefetes of nature and of fortune / and soo I am worse than a beest the whiche hath not the helpes and haue no reason for to dyrecte theyr lyfe to the honoure and the worshyppe of god as I haue / thy haue noo fredome of wyll

for to chese the good & to leue the euyl as I haue. My reason is gyuen to me for to knowe my lorde god / & for too knowe how I sholde lyue to the pleasure of hym and to thynke vpon ỳ lyfe that is to come / & holyly for to ordre my selfe therto / and for to auoyde the grete tourmentes and the endlesse trybulacyon the whiche after this lyfe / is ordeyned for synne. ¶ A god mercy what grete derkenesse am I in / and my soule is in maner made blynde the goostely syghte is gone. I loke not vp to my lorde god with the syght of my soule / but all my thought / all my memorye / all my loue / and all the grete pleasyre in my soule is downewarde / and all is to vanytees of this erthe I am erthly in my prayers / in my studye / in my labours in my medytacyons / and in all my conuersacion. I may well thynke that these wordes are verefyed of me. The prophete Ysaye sayth. Erthe erthe erthe here ỳ worde of god / for I am made of erthe / and hastely I shall torne to erthe / and all my conuersacyon is but erthe. I am reputed good lorde in tyn syghte of the after my loue / yf I loue erthe I am erth / yf I loue erthy thynges I am erthly / yf I loue goostly thynges I am goostly / and yf I loue the good lorde whiche arte very god than I am godly. ¶ A good lorde I feere than ỳ I am in thy reputacyon but as vyle erthe. For in the erthe and in the erthly thynges is euer my mynde. I kepe it not vpon the good lorde / ne vpon the holy vnderynge of my soule / Ihs ne suffred my selfe by wretched customs too longe and too contynuelly for to renne fromme the and fromme actuall thoughtes of my soule and thynges whiche are profytable for to promote my soule in vertue and in good werkes. Than nowe I cannot without grete payne and without grete labours for too fyxe my mynde ony tyme

or space vpon the or vpon the holy dyrecyon and ordes
rynge of my soule/and I of a frowarde and of an obdu
rate wyll in wretchydnes enforces not neyther care no t
myselfe for to take parte agaynst this myserable Incly
nacyon of my selfe/and so it gooth all downewarde with
me. I come not vpwarde to the neyther I wyll not gre
tely applye my selfe for to come to the by actuall medyta
cyon and by parfyte loue of the. I slepe. I dreme and ꝑ
I shall fynde whanne the sharpe paynes of deth shall co
me for to open the eye of my soule/ for than I shall cle
rely se how vaynely and how synfully ꝑ how wretched
ly and how vnhappy and how myserably and how vn
gracyously that I haue myspended the tyme of this ly
fe/the whiche tyme is gyuē vnto me onely by cause that
I sholde spende it fruytfully in good and in vertuous
lyuynge vnto the grete honour and to the grete worshyp
of our sauyour Cryst Jhesu and vnto the promocyon of
my soule in the glorye of eternall lyfe and of the heuen
ly fylycyte/and/also for to auoyde eternall dampnacyon
whiche is ordeyned by ꝑ ryghtwysnesse of almygty god
to the Inordynate lyuers of this lyfe/the whiche consu
me the goodes that they haue receyued of god too thyr
eternall reproue sorowe and payne/ & for too receyue of
almyghty god fynally perpetuell dampnacyon.

TEdet animam meam vite mee. I am wery of
my lyfe. It is so full of Ignorannce and of necs
lygence/so full of vnhappy desyre and of synfull wordes
so full of forgetfulnesse and so full of euyll thoughtes/ &
so full of vnfruytfull dedes and werkes and so full of im
prouffytable heuynesse/and so full vnswfull sadnesse
and soo full of vayne Ioyes and synfull dylectacyones

with foule wretched and myserable plesyres / also it is
full of paynes with vnpacyence of proude desyres and
with a full couetous mynde / & with all these myseryes I
see how ỳ my lyfe is but a course & a rennynge to deth /
and now I am more nerer it than whan as I laste spa-
ke of it. The deth cometh shortely / & ỳ lyfe gooth awaye
full fastely and full swyftely / & at ỳ houre of deth I am
lyke to be called for to rendre accountes of my lyfe / and
I am vnprouyded & vnware for to contente the Juge
of my lyfe / and than I shall be mooste full of sorowe and
payne & lamente or complayne the tyme ỳ euer I came
in to this lyfe / whiche so necligently hath loste the profy-
te of this. A good lorde I am ashamed & abasshed of my
lyfe in ỳ syghte of the good lorde whiche all thynge seeth
clerly / & no thynge maye by hydde frome the. ¶ Sythen
it is so that shame is feere of rebuke and reproue / and
there is no rebuke whiche that I drede soo moche as I
do the rebuke of the good lorde / wherfore I am mooste
ashamed of my synfull lyfe in the syghte of the / and thus
I am ashamed to lyue / & yet I am aferde too dye. For
yf I may auoyde by the greete mercy of go the tormen-
tes of eternall dampnacyon / yet I fere ỳ I shall bere w̄
me in to purgatory the gylte of many synnes / & I shall
paye by greete payne / the dute of many obligacyons /
graunt me good lorde perfyte fere of ỳ. For than I shall
not fere by deth to come to the / for thy fere maketh sou-
les to declyne and flee frome synne. ¶ A good lorde yf
I had thy fere perfytly I sholde be more a dredde ony
thynge too thynke or too desyre synfully in the syghte of
the / than I am to doo synne in the syghte of man. The
synfull mocyons of my mynde are soo abhomynable in
the beholdynge of the as the dede of shamefull synne in

the syghte of man than yt I fered ȳ I sholde be a ponyshed and ashamed to thynke ony thynge displeasynge to ȳ. I wante these fere of the/and why/for I haue not perfyte fayth of the. A than I am vnfaythfull/and without fayth no man maye please the/ and thus all my lyfe is displeasynge vnto the. ¶ A good lorde what shall I do for I want fayth of the/fere of the/loue of the/& drede of the/but I want not the drede of the worlde/loue of the worlde/and shame of the worlde. And thus the ymage of my soule is defated & made foule in thy syghte and is depryued thy greate vertues whereby it sholde be made fayre and acceptable to the what shall I do than but torne me to the & aske mercy for that. I haue spended my lyfe so myserably. A than I maye calle my soule a synfull soule whiche is without drede of the & wout shame of synne vnderstandynge that after the ordre of thy ryghtwysnesse synne muste haue sorowe/than my soule ought to haue sorowe/and all my lyfe sholde be wepynge/& who shall gyue teers ynough to myn eyen that I maye wepe ynough for my myserable lyuynge/and lamente that I euer haue spent so myserably my tyme whiche I can not now reuoke ayen/ne fruytfully recōpense but by sorowe for my synne. ¶ Alas I haue lost the well of lyfe and of all true solace/and I haue delued in the olde stynkynge cysterne of synne/and the deceyuable water there of whiche semeth in ȳ begynnynge swete and delectable/and now it is torned in to bytternesse abhomynacyon and grete sorowe. ¶ O moost mercyfull lorde whiche arte the well of pyte & of grace frome whome the flood of celestyall glorye doth streme vppon all the hauenly courte. Replenysshynge theym with all plesyre & delectacyons passynge ȳ possybylyte of mannes

thynkynge / gyue me good lorde in this vale of myserye
for the glorye of thy name the spyryte of compunccyon
that I may bytterlly wepe for my synnes and too be pre
uylegyate by thy grace neuer frome hens forwarde dāp
nably to offende the: ¶ O meruelous god how myser-
bly is my soule / whithe not only can not sorowe accordy-
ge to the grenous offences that it hath doone in this ly-
fe but also it is in maner benomen and dede / for it feleth
not the grete goostly sorowes that it hath / wherby ex-
cepte it haue helpe by meane of penaunce it shall be brou
ghte to ỹ bytter paynes of euerlastynge deth. ¶ I may
curse synne the whiche hath broughte me so ferre frome
the good lorde / and so ferre fro my selfe that I haue loste
my felynge ỹ quyckenesse of my spyryte / & the goostyly
taste of all spyrytuell plesyres and delectacyons in ver-
tue. ¶ A myserable soule a synfull soule why arte thou
so dulle and soo slowe to all good werkes whiche art too
the pleasyre of god / and too thy perpetuell promocyon &
endlesse Joye / perpetuell blysse and hertely gladnesse /
why arte thou so prompte and soo redy too all wretched-
nesse and all werkes of abhomynable synnes whiche are
to the grete dysplesyre of almyghty god / and to thy gre-
te payne and sorowe and dampnacyon bothe of soule &
of body. Why arte thou soo obliuyous and forgetfull of
fruytful and vertuous doctryne / and so retentyf of euyl
spekynge and wordes Inuytynge to synne. Woo wo
mayst thou be whiche leuyste the waye of vertue & che-
sest the waye of vyces / leuest the waye of saluacyon and
takest the waye of dampnacyon. Thou haste lyfe and
deth both layde byfore the / and whiche thou wylt thou
mayste chese. Louest thou not lyfe / hatest thou not deth
louest thou not delectacyon and plesyre / hatest not thou

payne and sorowe. Alas how vnhappy arte ꝑ than whi-
the cheseſt the waye of synne/the waye of deth/ ꝑ waye
of payne & endleſſe sorowe/ and wylfully leueſt ꝑ waye
of vertue whiche ledeth to lyfe Joye and endleſſe myrth
with all ꝑ herte can thynke or deſyre conſolacyon. Thou
rennes to bodely deth & not only bodely wherby thy ſou-
le ſhall be departed frome thy body/ but alſo the ghoſtly
ſyght of deth where ꝑ ſhalt be for euer departed frome
the face and clere vyſyon of god whiche is ꝑ lyfe too thy
ſoule lyke as thy ſoule is lyfe too thy body/ the paynes of
fyre and the terryble ſyght of the deuylles ſhall not be ſo
greuous vnto the/ as the ſondrynge from thy lorde god
with full ſurte ꝑ thou ſhalt ſee hym in his glorye. Wolde
not thou ſa: e that ſuche a man were worthy ſorowe and
payne whiche wolde cheſe to go that way were it neuer
ſoo pleſaunt there he knewe certaynly/ yf he contynued
therin that he ſhall be taken with theues robbed and put
to the mooſt bytterest payne of deth. Then I counſeyll
the by tymes leue the waye of ſynne/ for the ende therof
is endeleſſe ſorowe/ and the pleaſure ꝑ cometh therof be
it neuer ſo grete it ſha:l haſtly paſſe. And yf thou come
too that ende thou ſhalt take thy leue alſo true as god is
true frome all pleaſures without ende. Our lorde of his
grete merey offred too the eternall pleaſure for a ſhorte
temporall payne ſuffred accordynge to the ordenaūce of
his wyl/ yf ꝑ wylt refuſe ſo grete a lucre for a lytell a pay
ment than thou arte an vnhappy marchaunt. Then yf
thou wylt not folowe the wyl of god in ſuffrynge of this
payne/ but wylt fullfyll thyn owne wyll in takynge thy
ſhorte & ſynfull pleaſures of this lyfe/ arte not thou than
worthy by the hyghe wyſnes of god to loſe and be depry-
ued of this perpetuall Joye & pleaſure/ ꝑ canſt not reſo-

nably saye nay. For thou that wylt refuse so inestymable a Joye for so lytell a pryce/than ꝑ settest lytell therby/& in that thou dysablest thy selfe to haue it. ¶ And of very equyte thou whiche wylfully & synfully forsakest eternall saluacyon/thou deseruest by the ryghtwysnesse of god to haue eternall payne and dampnacyon. Then beholde vpon the ryght syde the mercy of god whiche is redy too gyue the perpetuall Joye for a shorte vertuous payne. And beholde vpon the lyft hande the ryghtwysnesse of god whiche shall gyue the eternall payne for refusynge of eternall Joye whiche thou forsokest for a shorte synfull pleasure/thā beware what doost/he of his grete grace offers the perpetuall. Joye. And yf thou wylte soo lyghtly refuse it/than he thryteth the with endelesse sorowe and payne that thou mayste not escape his handes/these ꝑ now whether thou wylt for a lytel payne haue endelesse pleasure/or for a lytell symple solace haue endelesse payne and sorowe and one thou muste nedes chose. I counseyll the to take payne and leue pleasure/drawe the too the ryght hande that thou be not founde at the daye of dome amonge the dampned people vpon the lyfte hande/leue vayne and synfull temporall Joye for the ende therof is sorowe/yf thou lyuest after thy plesaūt desyres of thy flesshe it shall brynge the to endelesse and paynfull dethe/yf thy flesshe lyue after thy soule/and thy soule after god/than thou shalt lyue eternally. ¶ A my seke vnstable soule dulle soule myserable and synfull soule/ꝑ wolde haue helth strength loue & power ꝑ wolde be moche made of/& haue rychesse/fredō & frēdshyp/ꝑ wolde be wout fere wout heuynesse/ꝑ wolde be swyfte lyghte ympossyble/why seke ꝑ the goddes in ꝑ regyon of dethe they are not here they are onely there

where is very lyfe / and no lyfe maye be called very lyfe but only that lyfe whiche is eternall lyfe / for there deth hath no power ony thynge to mynyſſhe thy lyfe or ony thynge ꝑ apperteyneth to ꝑ lyfe / for frome ꝑ lyfe dethe is perpetuelly exyled whiche maketh this lyfe no lyfe / and all thynge to vanyſſhe awaye whiche perteyneth to this yfe. ¶ A my ſoule loue that lyfe & that lorde aboue all thynge whuthe ſhall gyue the ꝑ Joyfull lyfe that bleſſed lyfe perdurable and eternal lyuynge what haſt thou in this mortall lyfe but labour werynelle ſorowe and payne / with theſe ꝑ begynneſt lyf / w theſe ꝑ contynueſt thy lyfe / with theſe thou ſhalt ende thy lyfe / ꝑ pleaſyres are ſhortly paſſynge / the ſorowes and paynes are longe abydynge / and all erthly Joyes are medled with myſerye of ſynne / thou thynkeſt ſynne is but lytell / wolde god thou wolde ſt call it too mynde how greuous it is in the ſyght of the grete Juge of the worlde almyghty god remembre how greuouſly he hath punyſſhed ſynne / grete parte of the aungelles he caſte out of heuen for ſynne whiche are of all creatuers mooſt excellent in naturall perfeccyon. ¶ O how ſhalt thou thynke thā that he ſhall ſpare the whiche arte ſynfull / for thou arte no thynge ſo precyous in nature as the leeſt auugell whiche was loſte and dampned for ſynne / & thy body is but a dounghylle and a ſacke of ſtynkynge myſte / thau truſte ꝑ that yf ꝑ wylt not leue ſynne thou ſhalte peryſſhe with them / for the ryght wyſneſſe of god wyll punyſſhe ſynne / & ryght they ſhall peryſſhe frome ꝑ perpetuell pleaſyre & glorye of god whiche wyll not leue ſynne / all we are exyled frome paradyſe for ſynne / all the worlde was drowned exceptē. viij. perſones in ꝑ tyme of Noes floode for ſynne the fyue cytees of whiche one was Sodome & Gomorre.

were dystroyed with fyre and brymstone & sanke doune
for synne / the Egipcians were drowned in the rede see
for synne / ỹ children of Israell were kylled a grete nom
bre in deserte for synne / & now all the. xij. trybus are in
captyuyte for synne / translacions of kyngdomes & Em
pyres fro man too man is for synne / bataylles / pestylens
ce / and hungre in comyn plages of god contynuelly in
some parte of the worlde or vpon the people is for synne
and fynally all desyre of synne shall cease frome all pleas
syre and tourne to vnremedyable paynes and synners
shall be put with synners in euerlastynge woo there as
they shall neuer tourne too Ioye or pleasyre ayen. ¶ A
wretched soule why sorowest not thou for tynne / seest
thou not how thy lorde loued the and hated synne whi
che wolde suffre the mooste paynfull deth too delyuer the
frome synne / lerne to loue thy louer but ỹ hatest thy lo
uer / for whan thou dooste synne thou dooste playnely that
is in to make hym too suffre deth ayen thou louest synne
whiche is the mooste gretest enemy for it shall brynge the
except thou leue it too endlesse & horryble payne thou set
test lytell by synne a wolde god our lorde myght set soo
lytell therby / for than ỹ sholde be delyuered frome grete
fere heuynesse & payne whiche ỹ haste deserued for synne
but wo sholde I be good lorde for euery transgressyon of
thy cõmaundement for yt there come none other therof
dysobedyence it dyshonoured the / a how sholde I saye
that synne is lytell for I can not truely saye ỹ the dysho
nour of ỹ is lytel / a how I boũde to honour the ỹ desyrest
it not for al ỹ ỹ hast done to me but ỹ I sholde honour do
to ỹ. I receyue thy beneketes & ỹ mayst no thỹge ercey
ue of me but honour / ỹ gyuest me goodnesse & this may
growe. I may gyue to ỹ no godes wherby thou mayste

be the better for my goodnesse may not growe. I maye
gyue to ỹ honour & this may not growe in ỹ but in me/
& whan thyn honour groweth in me than thy goodnesse
in me/& al the prouffytes of my dedes in to me and none
to ỹ/for I may by dedes no thyng make ỹ to better/but
I may make me ỹ better by thy grace in ỹ I do honour
to ỹ. I dere lorde how wo sholde I than be to dishonour
the/& I may do no more dyshonour to ỹ thā to do synne
whiche can not be done in mynde in wyll ne dede but in
the clere lyght of the/a how woo sholde I than be to doo
synne & therby for to dyshonoure ỹ whiche arte my lorde
and my god/my maker & my redemer & preseruer/and
fynally wolde bryngе me to se thy glorye & to haue wt the
honour in eternyte. A how shall I saye ỹ synne is lytell
sythen ỹ synne dyshonoures ỹ/& no thyng sholde be mo-
re shamfull & sorowfull in me than for to do ony dede to
dyshonour the. Alas how may I fynde in myn herte for
to dyshonoure ỹ whiche haue none helpe but only of the
O wretched & myserable soule why remembrest ỹ not
the trouthe of god/for ỹ knowest it well ỹ it is impossy
ble that he shelde make ony lye/and thou knowest well
that he promysed no thynge but that it shall be fulfylled
for the power is so grete that no thynge may lette hym/
than thou knowest verayly that thou shalte appere a-
fore hym and acompte all thy lyfe/and of all that thou
haste receyued of hym/what sayest thou arte thou redy
to thy rekenynge/canste thou shewe that thou hast well
expended and well vsed all the goodes that thou haste
receyued of god/haste not thou vaynly loste and vayn-
ly suffred for too be loste many of thyse gyftes of our lor-
de god/and many thou haste expended that thou haste

to reason for to laye tofore the at thyn acompte but that thou arte worthy to be dampned for them. Alas lythe thou canste not gyne a good rekenynge of thy tyme expended/why wylt not ꝑ amende the/& by the wyll spendynge of thy lyfe to come for to procure the fauoure of this ryght wyse Juge/he is redy of his ryght grete mercy to take one daye well spended for a yere. O than sy then he is thus kynde to the & thou wylt contynue in vnkynde vnto hym/this synne of vnkyndenesse & ingratytude/yf ꝑ hast none other synne it is ynough to procure the Ire or wrath of this Juge/why wylt thou than vnkynde soule dayly multyplye neweoffenses why remembres not ꝑ ꝑ grete Jeopardy ꝑ thou standest in for thyne olde synne. O wretche lerne to wepe applye & to take wylfull sorowe/ꝑ moche cause hast ꝑ to wepe and to sorowe/for yf ꝑ myght wepe as moche water as is in the see yet it were of thy selfe sufficyente to washe thy soule fro me synne ꝑ dooste as a malefactour whiche hathe offended his prynce & it sory for to be taken & too suffre grete pa ne/& yet wylfully he wyll more outrageously offende hym knowynge well that he shall suffre therfore the more payne/ꝑ sayst to me that this prynce is mercyfull. I saye to the that he is mercyfull to none but to suche as haue mercy vpon them selfe & wyll leue theyr wretched lyuynge/than haue mercy vpon thy selfe and leue ꝑ my lerye of synne/for thou shalt be called soner than thou trustest to thy acompte of all thy werkes/of all thy ydelnes of all thy wordes/of all thy sylence/of all thy slepynge/of all thy wakynge/of all thy sekenesse/of all thy helthe/of all thy rychesse/of all thy powerte/of all thy fedynge/of all abstynences/and of all thynge that thou hast done and lefte vndone to the leest thought of thy soule/

and of all thynge pertaynynge to thy perfection / whiche ꝑ
haste not ordeyned to the wyll of god & saluacyon of thy
soule / and thy body shall be punysshed with ꝑ for to syn-
ned with the and thou in it for the cause of synne is in it
and it shall haue no payne but for the / for it neyther
synne but by the. Alas why wylt not thou se whether
thou gooste & beholde ꝑ ende of thy passage that thou de-
syrest that thou gooste to pleasyres / & as a blyndefull man
thou gooste euen contrarye towarde payne / thou chu-
sest thou gooste for to haue thy wyll / and thou gooste there
thou shalte haue all thynge contrarye to thy wyll / and ꝑ
desyrest myrth and thou takest the waye of endles labou-
re & perpetuall payne & euerlastynge dampnacyon.

Quidet adiz me am bite mee. ¶ My soule hath a
grete cause to be wery of my lyfe / for I lyue not
as ꝑ louer of god shoulde lyue / but as a wretched creature
whiche forgetteth god / and deserued to be forgoten of hym.
¶ I haue noo myrthe vpon my saluacyon / my myrthe
is rather vpō thynge of dampnacyon. I enbrace me not
too forme me. I labour not too repulse the wretched
mocyon whiche I fele in me. I suffre my myrthe at lar-
ge to renne in vanytees / as a creature that hath no god
or Iuge me thynge to answere for / ne thynge to socowre
for ne to fere / for helpe is offred to me & I wyll not take
it / it is offred to me and I wyll not put my honde there
to myn enemyes & myn accusers I cōsente to / & too my
lorde & my louers I wyll not consent. A good lorde what
shal I do at the dredefull day of deth at ꝑ tyme yole bonne
in the day of Iugement. ¶ A how many thousande dyn-
nes shall come thā vpō me about my prouysyon as they
laye in watche to take me whiche I see not now / & I see

be no hope to delyuer my selfe by playne confessyon and
many a thynge whiche I truste now is no synne shal thꝛ
appere greuous synne / and many a dede whiche I truste
now is good / than I shall synde them euyll & blacke and
abhoumynable they y shall appere to me / there I shall re-
ceyue in soule & body moche woo as I haue deone in sou
le and body moche wyetchednesse / & than shall I be woo
for I shall receyue y wofull & sorowfull endlesse payne
whan the tyme shall be passed except I leue now synne
and torne me too god and deserue by vertuous lyuynge
to haue mercy / there shall be payne vnspeakable and vn
speakefull penaunce / for that payne shall nor remeue the
synne of them whyche in this lyfe wolde not take wylfull
payne too be delyuered frome synne & able too be damp-
ned frome grace that they shall haue no power to recom-
pense and to satysfye for theyr offences / for whan grace
was offred too them they refused it / and whan the tyme
of penaunce was layed afore them / vnfruytfully & necly
gently they passed it. ¶ O good lorde now I ought for
goo remembre what I haue done and what that I haue
deserued to receyue for my boynge / all my yeres I sholde
recorde in the bytternesse of my soule / & saye how my ty-
me is consumed without profyte / & what woo I haue
wrought to my selfe / yf I coude remembre that I had
done many good thynges than I sholde be glaode / but
I remembre y I haue done many wyetched & cuyll thyn
ges and fewe good / & therfore I haue grete cause too be
woo / & yf I wyll not applye me too be wo wehre I shall
be wo where I shall neuer departe therfro. ¶ A wo wo
be too this grete hardenesse of myn herte / for these grete
hamers of remembrance of eternall tormentes & moost
sorowfull voyces are to lyght too breke it. ¶ O dulnesse

insanable & vnable too beheld all this sharpe harydes
are not sufficyent too quyken ȳ / they are all to blunt to
the. ¶ Alas sythen the grete paynes ȳ god hath ordey
ned for synne are to lyteill to put the in fere / and make the
to be dylygent for thy saluacion. ¶ A god mercy / a de des
ly dulnesse ȳ is in me sythen the terryble thondre of my
synnes & ghostly syght of ȳ grete abhomynable multytu
de of paynes causeth noo quyckenes of deuocyon / noo
mysterye of teeres / noo fere of god in me. ¶ Wo may I
be whiche fele my selfe in this grete mysterye / not redy to
aryse but rather desyred to falle deper. I am worse than
a stone / for it is descended of nature for too descende / but
I descende by malyce agaynst nature. ¶ A dere lorde I
loue more erthly vanyte than I doo ȳ or the place of thy
glorye / my soule is croked all doume to the erthe / for there
the loue is of there it is fyxed and not vpon the / and there
fore it loked not vp too ȳ / here is mater of mysterye in me
to eryte an hondreth soules to sorowe & make them con
tynue vneasely in weypynge but my soule is soo dryed fro
all moysture & grace ȳ there cometh no teres fro me and
thus I may see my selfe a dryе stocke / a seer tree redy to
fyre. ¶ A meruaylous god how am I comen too this dul
nesse to this dryenesse / to this blyndnesse & derkenesse of
my soule / my soule is made bynome & Impotence to all
perfyte dedes of vertue / & not only it wanted wyll / but
in maner it wanteth power to do well / & what hath ma
de me this febleneselle but only synne & what hath made
in me suche synne but only a croked & frowarde wyll.
¶ A wretched dyspoycyon of my soule of the whiche I am
cause my selfe / & therfore myn Impotensy / & Indispo
cyon to holy & perfyte lyuynge is none excuse to me / for
this my selfe hath made me by longe custome in lyuynge

¶ O good lorde and bryngynde soule am I to ȳ. I can not
dyssymyle to the/ for no thynge I may with drawe from
the syghte of the/ of a chylde thou hast gyuen me power
to lyue vertuously and to please the not for thyn auayle
but for myn auayle for the endelesse ꝓmiocyon & Joye-
full reward to be rectyued of the/ ȳ hast icalled me/ and
yet ȳ contynuest it by good thoughtes/ by good counceyl-
le/ by holy prechynges/ by vertuous examples/ by gre-
te gyftes/ callynge to me for to come to the. And I as a
wretche repell the & all the gyftes ȳ thou gyuest me I a
buse to the dyspleasyre of the and to the grete accusacyon
and without thy mercy to the grete dampnacyon of me
I deserue for all ȳe sorowes and paynes to come vpon me
there thou hast gyuen to me this respyte & tyme of gre-
te deliberacyon to auoyde the paynfull doungen of helle
and to toure to the Joyfull Empyre of thy gloyre there
euerlastyngely for to dwell with the I attende it not
wherefore I deserue hastely for to be calle doune by the
payfull blastes of the grete horyble tempestes of deth.
I knowe wel ȳ I may not here alwaye abyde/ & yet my
mynde/ and my wyll is more here than there ȳ I muste
alwaye abyde. ¶ A meruelyous god a grete blyndnesse
is in me that I sholde desyre for to abyde in ȳ same pla-
ce of myserye there as I wel knowe ȳ I may not abyde
than for to be in the place of blysse and of myrth and gre-
te felycyte there as I may come yf I wyll and for euer
abyde/ god hathe made me a resonable creature for to
chese ȳ beste lyke/ and I make my selfe an vnresonable
creature for to chese the worste lyke/ & I loue ȳ I sholde
not loue/ and I hate that I sholde loue/ and thus both
my mynde & my wyll I abuse vnto my grete hurte wha
the thou hast gyuen me to myn helpe/ yf I sholde com-

playne vpon my selfe all that I can reduce too my wyn
de of myne owne wretchydnelle & vnkyndnelle too god
remembrynge the grete beneffetes & gyftes þ I haue re
ceyued of hym / and how gentyll a lorde he hath ben too
me without my deseruynge certaynly all the wretched
nelle & dyscõmendacyon & that I can saye of my selfe is
to lytell in regarde of the grete dyscõmendacyon and bla
me whyche I haue deserued / my wretched dyspolycyon
is more redye to do euyll than my memorye & many mo
yf they were knytte togyder wych me are able too recey
ue. I fele my selfe full of wretchednelle. I am prone and
all redye too all euyll / elles dulle & slowe to all goodnelle
Alsyche I myght here or see my detestutes shewed afore
me lyke as thy be I sholde abhorre with my selfe lyke as
wych a toode or a serpent. I what drede sholde my grete
vnbrace of that terryble Jugement whyche muste be gy
uen of my selfe at the houre of deth where þ moost ryght
wyse Juge hym selfe shall accuse me / & myn owne con
syeuence shall wytnesse agaynst me how I haue myssed
my soule and lytel hebed the valoure therof wherfore was
bought with the precyoule blood of cryste very god and
man creatour and maker of the vnyuersall worlde lorde
of heuen and erthe to whoos name all creatures shall do
obedyence. I shall gyue accomptes how I haue abused
my myndе my wyll my body all my fyue wyttes my tou
ge my beaute my helth my strength conuynge beaute /
how I haue mysordred my selfe my soule and body the
euyll mocyons both of soule and body how I haue not
done þ was in me too repelle them but rather too kepe
them & too werke them. All these good lorde I forgete &
of all these I shall gyue a strayte accomptes. Also of me
te & drynke / golde syluer & clothes / & of all these whyche

had ben vnder myn tuycion / as chyldren seruaūtes / &
of the euyll dedes that I haue done / and of all the good
dedes whiche I myght haue done / & for slouth & slog-
gysshnes of my selfe I haue lefte them vndone of all the
tyme ꝑ I haue receyued sythen I had vse of reason. ¶ A
derelorde what shall I do at ꝑ dredfull houre of reken-yn-
ge where as shall be shewed vnto me vtterly without gra-
ce yt I now labour not for grace. ¶ O what shall I doo
dye tree that I am and bryngе forth nod good fruyte in
ꝑ churche of god / but rather sewed fruyte by many euyll
wordes euyll werkes and euyll exaumples. I am an vn-
profytable tree apte & worthy to be caste in to endeles
fyre. ¶ A what shall I do that daye whan I shall gy-
ue acompte of all ꝑ tyme gyuen to me of our lorde how
I haue spende it too the honoure of hym. I may saye no
thyng is myn owne for I must gyue a streyte reken-yn-
ge of all ꝑ I haue. I am but as a bayly and a myny-stre
vnder god and taken charge well to spende his goodes
dere lorde gyue me grace amonge all temporall myrth of
re to remembre the bytternesse of ꝑ dredefull accompte
that I may that daye receyue ꝑ kyngdome of endeles
Ioye and mercy.

Coet animam meam dilige mee. ¶ Adere lorde
teynge the vnkyndenesse of my lyfe I am ewry
of my lyfe, I my selfe am grefous too my selfe my bur-
thens grete & is lyght to my body / but it is heuy too my
soule / it is soogrete yt it is lyke to pulle me doune frome
heuen vnto the pytte of helle excepte specyall grace and
helpe of my sauyoure. ¶ O my mercyfull lorde sende me
teeres ꝑ may lament daye & nyght my myserable lyfe &
wasshe awaye ꝑ fylth of so longe gaderynge of my soule
I am woo whan I remembre soo longe as I haue ben

in this lyfe and soo wretched/and my wretchednes dayly grenes me / my mynde is all occupyed in vanytees and my wyl in frowardnesse/my mouth in shrewdnes my body in ydelnesse/and my werkes in wretchednes. ¶ whoo shall gyue to myn eyen a wel of teeres ꝑ I may contynually wepe & wayle my wofull lyfe my nedygent lyfe/my vnwylle & folysshe lyfe. I lyue not as a reasonable creature oughte to lyue reformynge my soule & body and my werkes to my lorde whiche hath ordeyned me in this lyfe ꝑ by my werkes well ordered to hym I sholde come to his lyfe whiche lyfe onely ought too be called very lyfe/ for that onely is lyfe whiche can not be ended by dethe & not ꝑ lyfe where we dayly renne to deth/& ꝑ lyfe onely is helth whiche can not be broken with sekenesse/& that only is Joye whiche can not be Interrupted wt sorowe and that only is perfyte blysse whiche can not be melde with mysery of payne or synne. ¶ O ꝑ blynde alle why opens ꝑ not thyn eyen for too see the dyfference betwyxte lyfe & deth/vertue/and vices/sekenesse & helth/felycyte mysery/labour thou wretche for too ayde whiche lyeth ouercharged with olde synnes/putte feere to feere/wespynge too wepynge/except ꝑ aplyest thy selfe wylfully to sorowe/the ryght wysnesse of god shall magre thyn hede brynge the to sorowe. I chose than the lesse sorowe to auoyde ꝑ more sorowe/the temporall sorowe too auoyed the eternall sorowe. Remembyest not thou ꝑ he shall Juge the whome ꝑ hast made by many folde offences thyn aduersarye/too whome ꝑ hast done despyte and rebuke brekynge his cõmaundement afore his owne face. ¶ A god mercy I ought too be sory in remembrynge his kyndenesse to me and myne Ingratytude & vnkyndenesse too hym/and the more kyndenesse he shewed too me ꝑ more

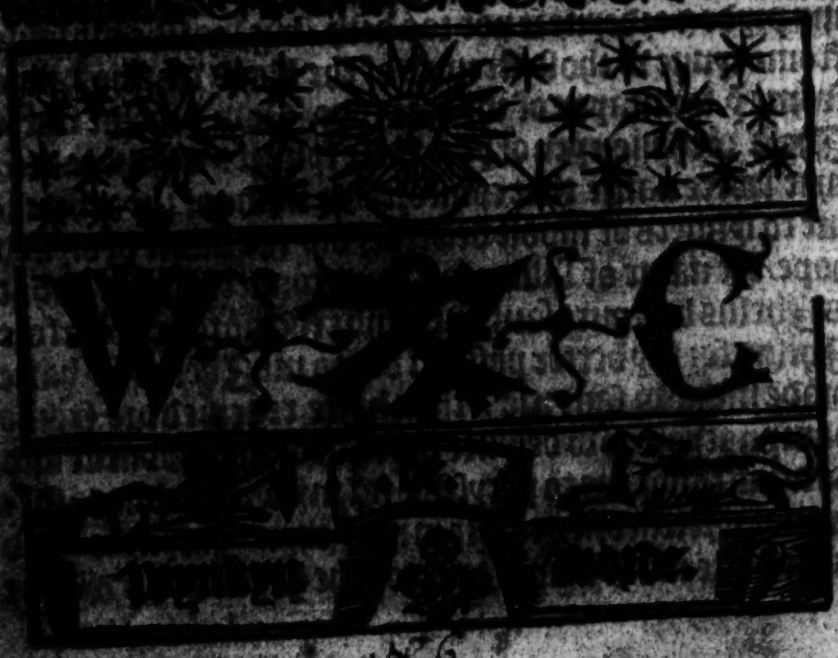
tynde I ought for to be to hym / and more I am bounde
by ꝑ lawe of kyndnesse for to please hym / & the more my
synne is. yf I displease hym a wo ought I than to be
for lyke as kyndnesse is dayly more and more / for ꝑ lens
get / that he spared me the more kyndenesse he shewed
vnto me / soo by the circumstaunce of vnkyndenesse / the
more greuous is the synne in me. What shall I saye to
this Juge sythen ꝑ onely myn owne kyndenesse is able
to conuycte me whiche soo oftentymes calleth me for to
amende my lyfe Inwardely Inspyracyon / and many
a thought ꝑ whiche he putteth in my mynde contrarye
vnto myn owne wretched dyspolycyon. And outwarde
he called me by prechynge / and by moche good counse
lynge / by redynge / by example gyuynge of suche whiche
hath lesse wytte than I lesse power to good werkes than
I good hath gyuen to me more preyous gyftes & helpe
to doo well / and yet I doo worse or not so well / am not
I than worthy afore that ryghtwysse Juge to haue gres
te punysshement / he that is now moost patyent too me
yf I amende not my lyfe shall be moost felle / and an
gry with me. ¶ And he whiche now is moost lyberall
too me than shall be moost harde too me / and he whyche
now is moost meke too me than shall be moost felleste /
now moost mercyfull than moost rygorous and strayte
in Jugement / I may not flee his Jugement / alwaye
I am and shall be vnder his hande. Now I am vnder
the ryght hande of mercy / than shall I be vnder the he
uy hande of his ryghtwysnesse. Woo is me woo is me /
whome haue I offended / whome I haue not attended
whome I haue prouoked too be worthy with me. ¶ Alas
wretched what haue I done. I haue dyshonoured my lor
de god. I haue prouoked almyghty god to take vengeaūce

on me yf his handes of mercy had not reteyned ȳ swerde of vengeaūce I sholde haue perysshed longe afore this for many tymes I haue deserued dampnacyon/but vn to this tyme he hath deferred ȳ sentence/and euer abydeth whan I amende and come to reconsylyacyon. ¶O wretched synner why remembre not I of this lyfe ȳ vncertayne/and for the tyme of this lyfe the grete kyndnesse in god and gratytude/& how after this lyfe none shall be taken to grace whiche wyll not amende in this tyme and space. I byleue as I were immortall. I fere not what shall falle/and myn olde lyfe customes hath soted me ȳ without specyall helpe of my lorde god I cannot lose me Helpe me good lorde from these dangers of dygnacyon & wrath of these I am benomen/my power is nought without supportacyon & helde of thy mercy.

¶I what anguysshe shall be in me yf I do soo vnhappyly gyde me to se ȳ terryble dayes where he whiche hathe moost loued me/& moost doone & moost suffred for me shall accuse me where he shall laye his woūdes agaynst me/his crosse/his spere crowne of thornes shall testefye agaynst me/my good aūgell whiche hath so holsomly at many tymes counseylled me/& I haue repelled & lyteli sette by his counseyll this he shall wytnesse agaynst me ȳ deuylles whiche haue tempted me too synne there shall accuse me/and there reherse ȳ wordes of my confessyon there shall he shewe openly all my sinnes in what thynge ȳ I haue synned in what place & tyme/& how I dyde synne/and what thynge/not only that I haue doone euyll but what good werkes ȳ I haue lefte vndone whiche I ought to haue. All the creatures of god of whome I haue receyued oony benefyte or profyte shall accuse me/for thy haue serued me by cause I sholde serue god

and that I haue deceyued theym & dõne ꝑ was in me to
robbe theym of theyr labours / ꝑ heuen / ꝑ erth / the sonne
what mynde of man sholde not dyede this terryble Iu-
gement / who sholde not dyede ꝑ presence of the eternall
Juge where all synnes shall be brought clerly in oure sy-
ght and thole thynges whiche we dyd wt grete delectacy-
on shall be layde afore vs to our grete sore we confusyon
& detestacyon. The Juge shal be aboue vs whos handes
we shall not escape / the helle vnder vs & the fendes redy
to drawe vs thyder / ꝑ Juge anger without forth ꝑ cons-
cyence bytynge & tourmentynge within forth / & sythen
the ryghtwyse man scarcely shall be saued / the wretched
synner soo vnbelapped wt wretchednesse where shall be
become whom feere of dampnacyon & remorse of cons-
cyence shall shake & make hym to cry for woo. I wo may
I than be whiche haue so many maters in me to brygge
me to ꝑ woo / it shall be Impossyble ꝑ daye to hyde me / &
it shall be to terryble & feruefull that daye too shewe me / &
nedelly I must appere / and by my selfe without ony procu-
ratour and answere for all ꝑ I haue done here / & not
onely for myn owne dedes but for all perteynynge to my
cure & Instytucyon wherin ony defaute hath ben there
I ought too haue helped. O how shall I answere for
many whiche am not able too answere for my self. O my
charge is grete my remembraunce is lytell / my harnes
do mulyplye & I seke noo helpe: I renne to deth all vns
despoled / my mynde is not with me. I am not with my
selfe. I seke more for our aduauntage than for my selfe
my burden I shall onely bere for my selfe. Now myght
I make it lyghter but I enlarege it & make it heuyer my
selfe / but now aryse ꝑ synner & see how woo is thy sauy-
our Cryste Jhesu / he is called ꝑ lambe of god by whom

thou arte redemed his merytes are suffycyent thought ꝑ
synnes be neuer soo greuous call for helpe & ꝑ shalt not
be shent / leue thy synnes & chaūge thyne entente & pur
pose to doo well / chaūge false pleasyres in too paynfull so-
lace & in too sorowe / loke vp & dispeyre not for thou shalt
haue helpe ynough / truste on hym whom ꝑ dredest / leue
thy synne & flee to hym ꝑ shalt haue socoure in all thy ne-
des / renne ayene too hym frome whome ꝑ haste ronnen.
Crye vpon hȳ unportunely whom ꝑ haste offended moste
greuously / and of his grete mercy he may & wyll of all o-
ther helpe ꝑ moste redely / & meke cōfessyon excludeth dis-
peracyon for there shall none be dāpned but only for syn-
nes not truly cōfessyd. I mene of suche whiche as haue
receyued ꝑ baptysme of cryste. A Jhesu for thy holy na-
me is as moche to saye by Jnterpretacion as ꝑ sauyour
of synners / by his medyacyon Jhesu ꝑ holy name be de-
refyed of ꝑ an sauyge & a grete synner / whiche haue ben
by presumptuous wyll dysobedyent vnto. Jhesu forgete
my pryde & ordeyne it not too deth / but wasshe my soule
frome synne wt those stremes of the blood whiche ranne
frome ꝑ fountayne of thy ryght syde. Now beholde swete
Jhesu wt thyne eyen of pyte these synners whiche calleth
that swete name that comfortable name of the / the na-
me to synners of moost delectacyon / the name of blyssed
hope / the name of saluacyon / and conuersacyon. What
is Jhesus but oure sauyoure and redemptour / wherfore
Jhesus for thy better passyon be too me Jhesus / ꝑ haste
made me now saue me / thou haste redemed me frome
dampnacyon now delyuer me than of thy goodnesse and
now suffre not me to perysshe for my wretchednes / suf-
fre not wretchednes to leue in me ꝑ thyn Jnfynyte good
nesse haste made in me / take too the good lorde ꝑ whyche



N. G.